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FLASHBACK

Preserving the Past for the Future

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John Rollin Ridge Goes To California

EDITED BY PAT DONAT

The lure of gold and mankind's propensity for succumbing to a get-rich-quick scheme combined to make the trek to California, in the Gold Rush years, the largest single migration in the history of the United States.

A recently discovered letter by an exceptionally facile writer enables modern day readers to comprehend the obstacles the gold seekers had to overcome before they even reached the gold fields of '49.

Fayetteville, then considered an outpost of the frontier, had its argonauts, among them the writer, John Rollin Ridge, and his brother Aeneas, sons of the assassinated Cherokee leader, John Ridge, and his Connecticut-born wife, Sarah Bird Northrup Ridge. The brothers were not in the vanguard, however, for a large party of goldseekers under Captain Lewis Evans departed Fayetteville for the "golden" fields in the spring of 1849.

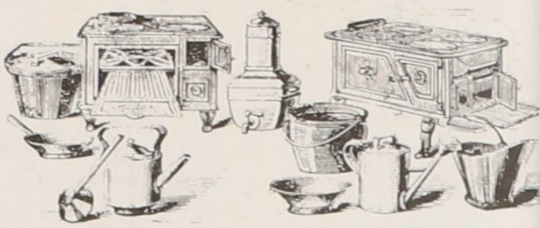
The gold fever failed to diminish and was in fact fanned by vivid, though oftentime unfounded, newspaper accounts of great wealth available for the picking. The stark, factual letters of the hardships endured on the trail by the earlier emigrants failed to dampen the enthusiasm of later gold seekers. It was just such a letter that John Rollin Ridge wrote to his mother, describing their trip to the west coast. "Believe me, it is no ordinary thing to come to California, as the thousands that sigh here in the midst of all its wealth can testify," he said in the letter, not intended for publication but printed in the Fort Smith Herald (January 24 and 31, 1851).

The Ridges, accompanied by a slave named Wacooli, left Fayetteville with a company headed by Major Elias Rector and Colonel Matthew Leeper.

It was on April 18, 1850, that the company filed out of this mountain village on the journey which ended five months later. They went to Fort Scott in Kansas, followed the Santa Fe Trail to Fort Laramie, Wyoming, and then westward over the Emigrant Trail to South Pass, Salt Lake City and into Hangtown (Placerville), California.

The first known report of their trek is in a letter from Mark

L. Evans written June 26, 1850 from Pacific Springs, three miles west of the summit of South Pass. His account was gloomy. The road was bad, wood and water scarce, and they had to pay exorbitant ferry charges. He also said that there were 5,000 wagons ahead of the company on the trail.



"Many are throwing away their wagons and are packing," he wrote. "I never have seen before in no place such destruction of property. The most I see is wagons, carriages, harness axes, cooking stoves, mining tools, log chains and everything that is not essentially necessary.

"Many of our company were sick with diarrhoea on the Platte. I escaped fortunately. Leeper, Rector, Ledford and Spring are behind. Dr. Charles Dean is with us, in good health and is in fine spirits. Rollin and Aeneas Ridge, Auchey Smith, Moses Stoute, Jack Stricklin, Jim Yoes and Moss are behind intending to pack.

"All well when we left them...Many have exhausted their provisions and will evidently have to suffer in the extreme. Many are going by Salt Lake, but we will take Sublette's cut off and save 200 miles or more... It is taxing on us to have to take our horses two or three miles off and guard them all night... We think we will get through by the 15th of August."

Ridge picks up the thread of the journey at Deer Creek where the three decided to pack the remainder of the journey.

Yuba City, Oct. 4, 1850

Dear Mother: It is with pleasure that I sit down to relieve what I know must be your great anxiety to hear from your wandering children, torn as they are from you, and cast, as they so well can feel each morning that they rise, and each night that they lay down, on a strange and distant land. Believe me, it is no ordinary thing to come to California, as the thousands that sight here in the midst of all its wealth can testify.

I am wasting golden hours in giving you what I intend shall be an accurate account of everything connected with us and our interests in this vagabond land. You have, I hope, received letters from me giving an account of our journey as far as Fort Laramie.

After we left Fort Laramie we traveled 150 miles. Then find-

ing that the grass was growing from thin to thinner, and from thinner to perhaps none at all, we concluded to abandon our wagon and pack. This conclusion as the events proved saved us the miserable alternative of walking over the Sierra Nevada with our packs upon our backs.

It was at Deer Creek, a tributary to the North Platte, where we packed. From Deer Creek to the Salt Lake we encountered the roughest road you can conceive, thinly provided with grass all the way; for 50 miles at a time no grass and no water. A large portion of the way was through sand and alkaline ground. Before reaching the Salt Lake a road turns to the right which is called Sublette's cut-off, saving some distance in travel. We should have taken this "cut-off", which avoids Salt Lake, but we were compelled to go by the Mormon City to get provisions--of which we were nearly out--although we had purchased frequently from those who, following our example in abandoning their wagons, were glad to sell a part of what they were forced to leave.

We resolved to pack very light, because I saw plainly at an early day in our journey that it would be nearly as much as any horse or mule could do to carry his own body to California over such a road with such subsistence with out adding a heavy load on to his own weight. With this view, we threw away, at one fell swoop, all our clothing, except one pair of pantaloons, one pair of drawers, etc. with a change, reserving also our overcoats. We threw away all our meat except enough to last us, as we thought, to the Salt Lake, which it did not. We threw away no flour at all, but had only enough at the start to last us to the Salt Lake, owing to the fact, I suppose, that we did not eat as much of the bacon as we should have done had we not been fonder of the flour. All our cooking utensils, save a coffee pot, mill, and a frying pan we abandoned of necessity.

Of all the cooking from that time till we reached this country--why, it fills me with horror to think of it! We had to mix up our dough in a pan, generally in a sandy and dusty place with the wind filling the pan all the time with the said sand and dirt and then bake it in the frying pan; which process consisted in burnigg the outside, and leaving the inside a "gaub" of sticky stuff full of the pure grease! Bah! it used to give me a fit of the utmost loathing after I had eaten it.

To give you an idea of it: after traveling over wide sand plains, traversed here and there by steep mountains all day at times to relieve our wearied beasts, having walked many hours,

fatigued, worn out, nearly dead, we reach our "camping" place, tug away with our tired hands and legs in "fixing" the horses, in fetching water and wood, both of which we would frequently be compelled to walk after a mile or more, (owing to the non-proximity of the grass), then at last to sit down, faint and hungry to strong fat meat that tasted like rust and a piece of bread that made the stomach retch at every swallow, was anything but comfortable! Yet appetite was so strong the stomach, though it loathed, still called for more.

Sometimes we were able to buy from a wagon crackers and bread baked in ovens, and then--do not think I am exaggerating--we would feel a thrill of unbounded happiness at our good fortune in getting them.

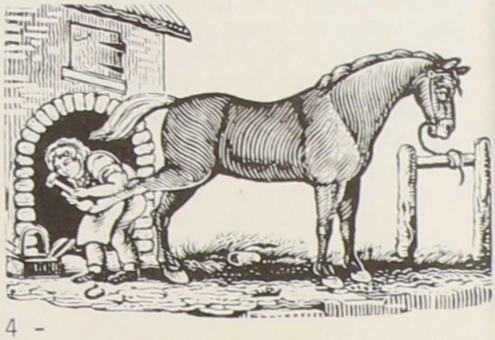
But I am consuming too much space--yet I don't know how to do justice to my task without writing on, in the same strain. Pshaw! There's no use trying to tell anything in a letter. It would take me a week's hard talking, face to face. But still, you must have some inkling.

To speak briefly, we got to the Salt Lake. Aeneas and myself and Wacooli having rode 200 miles through clouds of dust every day when we were scarcely able to sit our mules, were burned up with "mountain fever" and suffering excruciating torture--yes, excruciating is the word--from pain in our backs that seemed to enter the very spinal marrow!

But we never said "die". We encouraged each other with manly words, and still journeyed on, performing all our duties as tho we were fully able to do so. Wacooli had no reason to complain of us. We put no more on him than on ourselves. We all worked equally hard and suffered together.

But that mountain fever! I will describe it fully when I get home. Believe me, we thought of home then, with its soft beds and kind friends, while thro' the long hours of the day we sat, pale and weak, on our poor jaded mules, or hung our aching heads over their necks to see if change of posture could for a moment alleviate our agony--but that is all past.

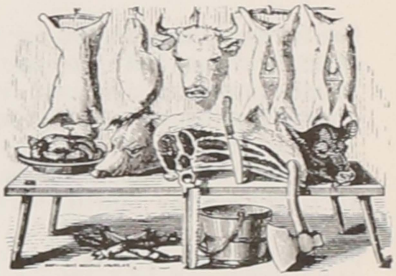
When we reached the Mormon City, we had all our animals with us except "Beach" which was fast failing and which we "swapt" for a "Snake poney", a very good one. All our animals were failing. We concluded to recruit at the Salt Lake, both ourselves and our beasts. It was necessary to



have them shod also. We had long before thrown away our shoes and nails.

After much trouble questioning the Mormons, we found a range for our mules and the Snake poney. My gray poney I had turned into $35 in the city. We put our animals on this range to do the best they could.

We then took our perambulations thro' the city to satisfy our curiosity and I assure you our hunger, too. One or two meals in the course of our rambles of good, cool milk and light bread with butter and cheese, made us in love with the place for the time. We paid 37½ to 50 cents for such meals. After doing nothing but eat for several days we at last appeased our hitherto insatiable hunger for wholesome food, and prepared to lay in our supplies for California.



We had then no provisions whatever of any kind, except a few pounds of flour. To our astonishment we found that there was not a pound of bacon in the whole city, except what the immigrants brought in their wagons and sold to the citizens for their own use, parting with it in this manner because they intended to pack from the Salt Lake.

What was to be done? We had to buy fresh beef and cure it ourselves. According to the "Mormon Guide", a little book consisting of four small leaves and which they sold to us for the reasonable sum of 50 cents, the distance to Sacramento could be traversed by pack mules in 25 days or 30 at the fartherest. We calculated on this basis and cured beef to the amount of 90 pounds. We had intended to get more than that weight but when cured, the beef did not turn out to our expectations, and then it was too late to procure more. This beef costs us 12½ cents per pound, fresh.

You must excuse me for the desultory mode of writing. If you were in California, eating your head off, as everybody here is in danger of doing at $18 per week, and afraid, as I am every minute, that some chance of making money will pass me by forever, you would appreciate everything that I write, however badly written, and take a letter, not as a matter of course and elegance, but as an accommodation. He that writes a letter in California, unless a perfect loafer, I pronounce an exceedingly accommodating man and one entitled to the great gratitude of his friends.

We bought, in the way of supplies, 150 pounds of flour at 25¢

per pound. It had been sold to the immigrants immediately preceding us for a dollar a pound and even two in some instances. Our better fortune, which I thought bad enough, was owing to the harvest then in.

Our expenses all along the road had been heavy: 25 cents at every bridge over a mudhole; $5.00 per wagon over the different rivers we ferried--where we always found white men ready and if necessary backed by the Indians; and $2.50 for a pack mule or horse--when we had no wagon.

The Mormons even charged toll on the 44 miles of the road to the city. We paid $4 per horse for shoeing all round--God save us! It "shelled" the money from me. Besides all this, I had to do a great deal of riding in and out of the city getting provisions and "seeing to things" as the Yankees say.

My meals, without meat, cost me from 37½ to 50 cents per meal, with meat they would have cost me one dollar each. Baiting my mule $1.50. Why didn't I walk? Because I had to let down bars of fence for six miles from the range to the city and I couldn't pack beef on my back, and I couldn't walk to the mill, 18 miles and pack back flour upon my back. But I grow prolix.

After everything was finished, the mules recruited somewhat. I began to think there was danger of the grass drying up at the farther end of the route if I stayed longer. So I went to the printing office in the city and bought one of their little newspapers with my name, arrival and departure in it, and sent it to you by the Mormon mail. I paid 75 cents for this.

Now comes the tug of war. We expect to reach Sacramento in 25 days. We expect to eat dried beef, which is very good; to sleep without a tent, which is not good; to cross a desert, which is worse, but we expect not much more hardship.

We left the Salt Lake then, about the 15th of July. For 150 miles after leaving the Mormon City we had excellent grass and excellent water. After which, the entire distance may be characterized as a vast desert, through this desert it is only possible for the hardiest animals to pass, by means of the food and water found in the oases, which are made to last them thro' the more barren parts.

The weather was quite tolerable, altho' warm 'til we were some 200 miles west of the Salt Lake. Then, for several days

it was very hot, and for two days insufferably severe. At the middle of the day it did seem that death must overtake us in spite of all we could do. If we laid down with our blankets over the sage bushes--which grow along the route to California from 2 to 3 feet high--the heat steamed up from the baked and cracked earth into our bodies and seemed to burn our very livers. If we stood up, the sun rays fell fiercely upon us.

There was no refuge, no shade and no water, except brackish, worse than none, to cool our raging thirst. So much for the first of these days. The second was like unto it only "more so." We had found no water, and 12 o'clock obliged us to stop and rest our horses which were utterly unable to travel on account of the heat. You will have some sense of the heat and thirst which consumed us, when I tell you our tongues hung out of our mouths as is the case with dogs!

When our animals had rested somewhat we rode and drove slowly along under the dreadful beams 'til sunset and coming shadows relieved us. But our thirst was unquenched, and almost past bearing. It was just dusk when, coming down the slant of a hill, we found gushing out of a hollow, a trinity of beautiful clear springs which united their waters 50 to 60 feet below!

We all dismounted, in the utmost haste, and ran to the water with parched lips, when lo! it was so perfectly brackish that no stomach could endure it for a moment! Two days, then, we had of awfully hot weather, without a drop of water that could cool our thirst!--We did not get water fit to drink until after travelling 35 miles the next day.

If the weather had not been so intolerably hot as to prevent all possibility of moving beyond a snail's pace, during every part of the day, and at mid-day all possibility of moving at all, we should not so have suffered. These sufferings from thirst were greater or less until we gained the Humboldt. I must observe also that the water was so bad as to act as a severe purgative after eating the bread mixed by it.

For 50 miles east of, and up to the Humboldt river, we waded thro' mineral dust--saleratus, salpetre, sulphur and what not--sometimes up to the horses' knees, but commonly four or five inches deep. This we did every day from morn 'til night thro' clouds of dust, whose poisonous particles made sores in the nose and ears and for myself affected my throat dreadfully.

You have no idea how terrible it is to bear, this dust. Continually, not for a mile or two, but for hundreds of miles, filling your eyes, ears and throat! At night you are not free from it. You cannot shake it out of your blankets, and every

time you turn over, light clouds of the precious incense greet your senses.

It often made my hands break out in large sores. I have seen this dust so thickly rising from a road that you could not see a horse 40 yards ahead--perhaps not so far; you could not even get an outline or glimpse of him. There was no use to try to avoid it, it rose with every tramp of your horse inside or outside the track, directly into your face. It was as light as the finest powder of any kind, and was often carried by little whirlwinds, sometimes in huge columns so high that you could hardly see the tops of them! Isn't truth stranger than fiction? I confess I stand astonished to this day at that sight.

At the head of the Humboldt we were still several hundred miles from Sacramento. Our provisions had become so short that we expected to suffer inevitably, perhaps to starve (game being at that time very rare) before we should be able to gain California.

We accordingly put ourselves on rations until we learned that on the westward side of the desert there were provisions which were sold cheap. Learning this, it then became our object to reach that side of the desert as speedily as possible.

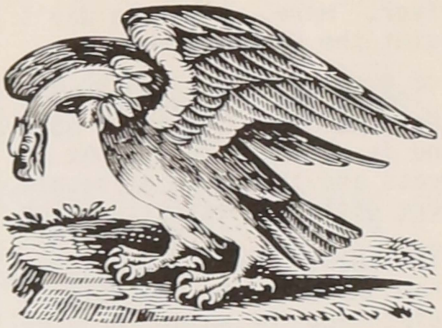
It was an absolute necessity for us to do so.--We hurried on therefore our jaded animals to their utmost. Poor things! How faint they grew, and watery eyed and weary, as they grunted at each touch of the spurs or lash of the whip which drove them forwards.

All the way down the Humboldt, a distance of at least three hundred miles, the whole face of the earth was covered with a strong white and yellow substance called alkali, I believe, and the water being so strongly mixed with it as even to partake of its colors, we were continually drinking alkali or whatever poisonous substance it is, into our systems.

No wonder that strange spasms would seize us, and unaccountable fits of debility and exhaustion! Indeed, at this period of our journey our fatigue was so great that we were sometimes taken with blank despair of ever reaching our goal, or gold. Our knees would give way under us as tho' they had no oil; and we seemed to have a set of long, awkward, and unwieldy frames. Locomotion of the slightest kind was a task.

Our animals were suffering in the same way; stiff, and trembling in the joints at every unusual exertion up and down hill. Then the dirt, how can I pass it by! It was utterly impossible to keep clean. We were dirty as the filthiest, lowest, most contemptible, white Indian or "nigger" you ever saw.

We could not comb our heads; it would have taken two days to have combed out the dirt that got into them in one--so that our heads looked like old mops which had scrubbed floors from time immemorial. I tried once to get a comb to the skin of my head and barely did, but I had to lift the comb straight out of my hair, it being impossible to draw it thro' downwards.



After a day's travel each individual every night, looked like he had been rolling himself over and over in the dirt, head and ears, and had taken particular pains to see how perfectly hateful to the sight he could become!

Our best friends would not have known us. If we had, in the plight, ridden thro' the neighborhood of Fayetteville, driving our long, bony-legged mules and horses (which the buzzards were beating the drums for, as old black Peter would say) before us, the sense of the ludicrous would have been so supreme--our long solemn faces helping it off too--that the boys would have hooted at us as we passed by and the hilarity of the spectacle been without bounds.

I have seen packers pass us on the road whose appearance was so exhilerating that I leaned back in my saddle and very nearly killed myself with laughter! But when some poor ragged devil, who started with a most megre outfit under the expectation that it was only necessary to reach California to be a rich man--came riding along on his gaunt old steer, which was fully able to run a race with a snail, drubbing the poor old beast at every step to get him along, I confess my mirth was such that gods and men might have envied me! Poor Humanity! to what miserable passes will it put itself for money.

Here comes a man one day, driving one ox hitched to the fore wheels of his wagon, with a horse, or rather a faint resemblance of one, pulling in front of the ox, the man beating and banging them along when they looked as though they could not stand up another day. Having lost their teams by 'poison water' or thro' Indian theft, such were the straits to which men were reduced by degrees, 'til finally they were forced to take packs on their backs and put it thro' "footback".

Passing over much that is interesting, I must hurry on to an end. We arrived at last at the "Meadows", as they are called, viz: a large prairie bottom of the Humboldt, covered with tall fine grass and divided into green plats by deep sloughs of the

river. Here, we were a day's journey from the Sink from which point the Desert commences.

The "Sink" derives its name from the singular circumstances that the river is there absorbed by the sands of the desert, and is forever lost sight of. The Meadows afforded the only grass and thousands of people with wagons and mules and horses were getting grass with which to cross the Desert.

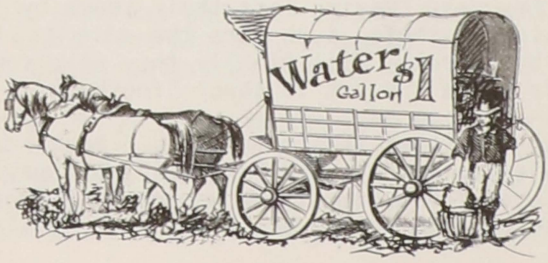
We spent a day getting ours, which we cut with a scythe, and then packed over one slough after another on our shoulders, waist-deep in water for a half mile or more to dry land. It was a severely hard day's work for a poor fellow already worn out with travel. We had to cut enough to feed our horses once at the Sink and once in the centre of the Desert.

When we started from the Sink into the desert, and had travelled about an hour--we started near sundown, expecting to go thro' in a night--we were suddenly arrested by a slough that had but recently burst out, perhaps, and was so deep we were unable to cross it. Thereby, we were put off our course by 15 miles and, worse than that, detained all night at the entrance of the desert.

We were obliged to give to our horses the grass designed for the middle of the desert, and so leave them without substance entirely through. The water in this slough was unfit to drink tho' many did drink it.

On the morrow we started, compelled, contrary to our better judgment to travel 45 miles without water or grass, thro' deep sand and under the intense heat of the sun. We, with our animals, suffered extremely with thirst and hunger--for we were constrained to eat up the provisions which we had provided for the passage when we fed our grass to the horses.

We couldn't carry enough water in our canteens to quench our thirst for any length of time; besides the sun shone so hot that the water became so warm as to be an emetic. We traveled on, and on, and on, 'til within 13 miles of the Desert, when, nearly dead, we met with some wagons from the Salmon Trout



river with barrels of the precious liquid which they sold to us for a dollar a gallon.

I never supposed, 'til I got to the desert, I should have to pay for so common an article as water. But those wagoners made thousands of dollars by selling it.

Some poor fellows, who were destitute of money, could get no water at all; many of them, too, who were afoot, it being refused them, even when they begged for it. Many were jogging along, with tears rolling from their eyes.

Horses lay dead, I think I can safely say, every fifty yards thro' the desert. The stench was in every breath we breathed. Thro' the entire desert, it was as tho' we had been standing with our noses to a piece of carrion! - It was so, without exaggeration. I shall never forget it. It made me sick and wretched as I never have been before, and pray God I may never be again.

Cane Hill — Another View

CHRISTINE CARTE

Quoting from the article "Researching Lost Facts" in the August 1975 FLASHBACK: "The 1848 survey map shows Cane Hill in Township 15, Range 32, Sec. 32, and not Township 14, Range 32, Sec. 8, which is today's location of Cane Hill." (The natives of Cane Hill have always known that the original Cane Hill was north of the present Cane Hill.)

In 1828, when the first settlers arrived on Cane Hill, they made their first camp at a group of seven springs. That night John Billingsley died and was buried on a hill to the south of the springs. This was the first burial ground and is referred to as Bean Cemetery in Ellen Earl Richardson's "Early Settlers of Cane Hill." Major Jacob Pyeatte and Reverend John Carnahan (Revolutionary War soldiers) are buried here. Samuel Carnahan built a rock wall around their graves, which have been marked by the D. A. R. I believe the Maxwells homesteaded this land. My great uncle, Bob Maxwell, took us to a place to the east, above the springs, and showed us part of the foundation of his grandparents' home. This was at the time Lincoln had a park at this location with a swimming pool and a dance hall. The dance hall was the top floor of a rock building which had very thick walls and was first used for cold storage. It is still standing. It is from this building that this group of springs acquired the name "Cold Storage."

Until the lake was built a few years ago, these springs were the source of Lincoln's water supply, and are located in Township 15, Range 32, Sec. 32. I believe the first Cane Hill was located above the springs to the east. Ray Brawley is now the occupant of this place.

When Mark Bean had to give up his salt wells in Indian Territory, he came to Cane Hill and built a mill below the group of springs. That puts him in Twp. 14, Range 32, Sec. 6 on the line of Sec. 5, the location of "Cane Hills Mills" post office.

Quoting from the May 1975 FLASHBACK, page 24, "Observations: Mark Bean lived in N½ of NW¼ of Sec. 5, Twp. 15, Range 32. This is where Rhea is today." Changing the Township from 15 to 14, you have Mark Bean at the site of his mill.

From the same source, page 20, "Unnamed Mill near Cane Hill- In the survey maps a mill is shown in Township 14, Range 32, Sec. 6, NE¼ of NE¼. (Notes: Between Sec. 6 and Sec. 5, 50 links below branch is a mill.) This mill was one quarter mile South and West of Cane Hill."

The present day road from Lincoln to Cane Hill crosses this spring branch about a quarter of a mile south and west of the springs, and a short distance from the road this branch drops into Bush Valley below.

I believe this proves beyond doubt the location of Cane Hill and Cane Hill Mills at that time.

From "Early Settlers of Cane Hill", pages 19 and 20: "There were many springs on the Mark Bean place, and when the spring branches came together they formed a small creek. So he built him a mill beside the stream and made a big overshot wheel, 40 feet in diameter, for the water to turn, and so he could grind wheat and corn for all customers who came. It is said that for a time the power was used to turn carding and spinning machinery. The cotton for this was brought up from New Orleans, but in time Mr. Bean bought a cotton farm at Ozark to grow his own cotton."

Bean's Mill community sprang up around the mill. "A small colony of Quakers moved to Cane Hill and lived in a group clustered around Bean's Mill." Being a private people, this could explain two post offices so close. This is probably "the very handsome settlement down this creek" noted on the 1832 survey map.

The spring branch from the group of springs drops off of the mountain to the southwest into Bush Valley. "Early Settlers of Cane Hill" states: "It may be that Little Peter Pyeatte, when he started off from the first camp to find a home, just followed the Bean spring branch to where it joins the branch from the springs on the Lon Moore and Howard Pyeatte's place, then on along what is now called Bush Creek, until he found a place to suit him. Anyway, he chose the place we call Bush farm, and there he made his home. There was a squatter already there, but Mr. Pyeatte paid him for his claim and the man moved on. Peter built his home first, then picked out some good-looking lime stones, dressed them with hand tools, and had two good mill stones. Now he built his mill and soon had it in operation, the first water mill in northwest Arkansas. One of the millstones is now in the manse yard at Cane Hill and belongs to Howard Pyeatte, Jr. (great-great-grandson of Peter)."

From "Pyeatts and Carnahans of Old Cane Hill" by Alfred E. Carnahan, written 1912-13, page 16, "Peter Pyeatte settled in what is now the Bush farm near Cane Hill. Here he erected the first burr mill in Washington County. The stones were made of limestone; the next of red granite."

Mrs. Richardson's research has been questioned, but I feel sure she was right about the location of Peter Pyeatt's first

mill. This place is now the home of Bill Bush, and is in Twp. 14, Range 33, Sec. 1.

Many of the early families were related. Jane Blair was the mother of Major Jacob Pyeatte and James Pyeatte who died at Crystal Hill, Arkansas. They were cousins to the Blairs who had a mill on the east side of Cane Hill, in Greasy Valley.

John Billingsley, who died on the night they arrived on Cane Hill, was married to Martha Blair. She was the woman preacher in whom the great revival of 1800 had its beginning. She lived to be 104.

Reverend John Carnahan married, first, Jane Billingsley, sister of John Billingsley. She was the mother of his children. Their son, Samuel Carnahan, made his home near a spring just east of the "place of many springs", better known today as the old Brewster place, and owned by Forrest Rodgers. On page 12, "Early Settlers of Cane Hill", it is written, "Samuel Carnahan brought a pear tree and planted it in his front yard where it lived for almost a full hundred years and bore fruit nearly all that time."

In "Unnamed Mill near Cane Hill" in May 1975 FLASHBACK, page 22, "East boundary was surveyed in 1831-32 and notes on Twp. 15 Range 32, Sec. 32 state: 'Entered Carnahan's field. This is what is called Cane Hill Settlement.'"

Samuel was married to Mary Pyeatte, daughter of Major Jacob Pyeatte. Samuel's father, the Rev. John Carnahan, divorced his wife Jane and married Mary (Aunt Lame Polly) Pyeatte, daughter of Catherine Finley and James Pyeatte of Crystal Hill. John's daughter, Martha, married Andrew Finley Pyeatte, brother of his wife Mary. They were my great-great-grandparents.

John Rankin Pyeatte was also a son of Catherine Finley and James Pyeatte. He built his home up on a bluff to the west of Cole Spring, where Jordan Creek has its beginning. The house is still standing today. He built a mill below the house, to the east, near Highway 45. Part of the old mill building was still there in 1937.

Cane Hill is not only a town, but a hill, or, as one writer said, "A mountain about eight miles long and five miles wide."

A Trio by McConnell

The Sherrys Come to Arkansas

William Sherry, native of North Carolina, fought in the Revolutionary War. One of his sons, John, married Winnie Horton. John's son, William, married Easter Holcomb. Children of this couple were John, Melinda and Green William Sherry. Our story is about Green William who was born in Warren County, Kentucky in 1813.

By 1815, the mother, Easter, was dead, and the family was in Indiana. In 1815 William married again, this time to a widow, Martha (Patsy) Reavis Goodwin, in Gibson County, Indiana.

William Sherry died in 1819, leaving his and Easter's three children, a daughter of Patsy's by her former marriage, two of his children by Patsy, and an unborn child. A court appointed Hosea and March Holcomb as guardians of John, Malinda and Green William.

From Indiana, Green moved to Illinois, where he married Miss Delilah Ingram in 1834. His brother, John, moved back to Indiana. Green and his new bride then moved to the new Territory of Arkansas, where he homesteaded land in what is now the west side of Springdale, and other farm lands north of West Fork, along what is now the Mineral Springs road.

In 1836, Green went to Fort Smith, and was mustered into the Arkansas Volunteers, a detachment destined for Fort Gibson in the Indian Territory to quell any riots incident to the removal of the Cherokees from their eastern lands. After six months he was discharged.

Green and Delilah had, in all, thirteen children. Not all of them married in Washington County, but the records on some are available. Martha became the wife of Daniel Peerson; John Calvin married Susan White; Mary Margaret married John Gilbreath. Elizabeth became the bride of William Grigry; Malinda married Richard Towns. William, unmarried, died in Texas. Sarah was the wife of John Lackey, and James married Mrs. Hanna Brewster who was a Strickler. Thomas married Lou Bryant.

A son of James Monroe Sherry, Charles, now lives on Highway 62, on the east side of Prairie Grove, with his daughter. Another kinsman and descendant of these early Sherry pioneers is Hugh Sherry of Springdale, former Mayor of that city and former County Treasurer.

In 1837, one Benjamin Strickler moved from Tennessee to the

new Arkansas Territory, and settled at a point which would become Strickler, Arkansas. Here he built a large, two-room log home with fireplace in each end. A wide hallway, or dog-trot, separated the two rooms, and a porch was built facing the road which later became the Old Wire Road, and the route of the Overland Stage Coach, running from Saint Louis to San Francisco. This stage often stopped at Strickler for refreshments or to spend the night.

Hannah Strickler Brewster was born there, and so was her son Charles Sherry, and his family. After some one hundred forty years, this old log home is fast deteriorating. It will soon return to the dust from which it came and the landmark will be no more. Too bad. In other times, it might have been removed to the Battlefield Park at Prairie Grove, to become an emblem of the historic early days.

(Information for this article was furnished by Mrs. Mildred Gholson Walker of Waco, Texas, a descendant of the early Sherry pioneers.)

The Way It Was

Woolsey is now a ghost town, but once it boasted a railroad depot, stores, canning factories, and other centers to make it a live community. People came to the railroad station, especially on Sundays, to see the trains go through. It was a gathering place.

On one such occasion, a resident of the area, Mr. Willie Curtis, who had probably imbibed too freely of the Mountain Dew then made in the hills of the south part of our county, stated that he was much the better of all the men gathered there, and would take on any one of them in a rough and tumble.

Not meeting with any likely opponent, he selected one, a Mr. Caudle, who was a resident of the Woolsey area, and challenged him to a fight. Mr. Caudle backed away, having no wish to engage in a brawl. Curtis persisted, however, and the fight began. It ended suddenly--brought to a halt, some say, by a rock crushing against Mr. Curtis' skull; other persons insist that Mr. Caudle used a knife. An old bone-handled barlow was often used in personal combat in a telling way.

From the effects of his injury, Willie Curtis died, and local authorities called a hearing, held before the local Justice of the Peace, J. J. Curry. The constables of the two adjoining townships rounded up the witnesses to the affray who each gave their version of the fight in their testimony.

Witnesses testifying to the affair were Jack Stonesifer, Ira

mith, John Marshall, A. Farmer, George Karnes, Henry Quinton, am Caudle, William Miller, J. M. Langston, A. Hutchens, Oscar ain, R. Arnold, Andy Karnes, Wiley Smith, T. E. Caudle and I. . Cunningham.

Others taking part in the Justice hearing were Henry Miller, ohn Clark, Joe Malone, Lee Stonesifer, J. R. Clark, Joe Wool- ey, James Bell, Mrs. Addie Gilliland, Callie Quinton, William tonesifer, Lucy Gilbreath, C. J. Harrison and J. W. Holcomb.

The court held that the plea of self-defense offered by Mr. audle was sufficiently backed by the testimony of the several itnesses and no court hearing was needed. Mr. Caudle was ab- olved.

The life of a 23-year-old West Fork man was snuffed out in a seless and unnecessary affray. The year was 1893

A Kansas Youth in the Battle of Prairie Grove

John Calvin Rooks, Pennsylvania born, moved with his parents to the Kansas Territory in 1858. He was 21. A few years lat- er, on September 1st, 1862, he enlisted in the 11th Kansas Vol- unteers, Company I. He left his Kansas homestead to enter the Civil War.

On October 1, Company I, untrained in battle, was ordered to join General James G. Blunt, whose army was stationed at Cane Hill, Arkansas. They were armed with Prussian-made .72-cali- ber rifles which shot a ball and three buckshot. As a result, they were jokingly called the Kansas Artillery.

Enroute to Fort Scott, many of the young volunteers were ex- hausted and taken in wagons to their next stop. On October 19 the regiment reached the Pea Ridge battlefield in Arkansas and joined Colonel William A. Cloud, commanding the Third Brigade of Blunt's First Division. They went by way of old Fort Wayne near Maysville, in Benton County, Arkansas, on their march to Cane Hill.

On November 28, 1862, the advance elements of General Thomas C. Hindman's army made contact with the Federal forces on the mountains south of Cane Hill in a battle that lasted some nine hours. Colonel Shelby retreated cautiously over the icy roads, enticing the northern army into an ambush where Lt. Col. Lewis R. Jewell, 6th Kansas Cavalry was killed.

On December 7th, General Herron, arriving from Springfield, Missouri, moved on toward Prairie Grove. His advance units met Col. Shelby at Walnut Grove and fell back towards Fayetteville. General Herron stopped their retreat, and went on to cross the

Illinois River, east of Prairie Grove, where a day-long battle ensued.

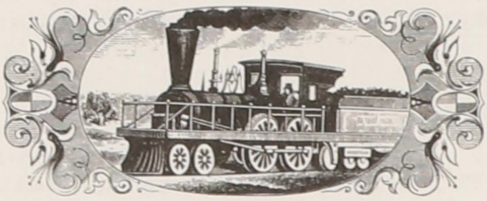
General Blunt, his army moving toward Rheas Mill where their supplies were stored, heard the firing of the heavy cannon on what is now Prairie Grove Battlefield, and turned his troops in that direction. Crossing the field where the Prairie Grove schools are now located, he joined the battle about two o'clock in the afternoon. His troops met the Confederates head-on.

At dark the firing ended but a bullet had found the chest of the Kansas youth, and he was taken to a hospital room in Fayetteville where he lived four days.

Rooks County, Kansas was named by the Kansas Legislature after the slain soldier, who is buried now in the National Cemetery in Fayetteville.

(This information was furnished by Prof. Frances W. Schruben of the History Department, Los Angeles Pierce College, Woodland Hills, California.)

- LLOYD MCCONNELL



A CHANGE OF POLICY

At a recent meeting the Board of Directors of the Washington County Historical Society decided that the members of this Society should not be listed in the November FLASHBACK--a reversal of the policy instituted by Mr. Lemke many years ago. Instead, a separate directory of the membership will be sent with the November 1978 FLASHBACK, listing members' addresses as well as their names. This is in response to requests by several of our members.

Should you not wish to have your address included, please so indicate before October 1, 1978.

Also, those of you who are pursuing your family genealogies may wish to include the names of families in which you are interested. If so, please send us those names--also before our October 1 deadline.

Washington County War Dead — World War II

Part 2 of 2 Parts

COL. JACK F. DIGGS

The May (1977) issue of FLASHBACK reported that Arkansas, in World War II, suffered the loss of 3,814 men who served in the Army of the United States (including the Army Air Corps), and 836 men of the U. S. Navy, U. S. Marine Corps, and U. S. Coast Guard, dead or missing, a total of 4,650 men.

Washington County lost 105 men from the Army of the United States (named in the August 1977 FLASHBACK), and 29 men in the U. S. Navy and U. S. Marine Corps. In this article are listed the names of those men who died while serving in the Navy and Marine Corps.

Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, or Died as the Result of Operational Movements in War Zones:

Baker, Hadley V., Jr.	Lincoln	USMCR
Buford, Lynn G.	Springdale	USNR
Chandler, John W.	Winslow	USNR
Curtsinger, Dee W.	Prairie Grove	USMC
Davis, Morrison R.	Springdale	USNR
Dotson, Fred H.	Prairie Grove	USNR
Edlin, Wilbur E.	Fayetteville	USNR
Elderton, William H.	Springdale	USMCR
Greathouse, James S.	Fayetteville	USMC
Hamilton, Van E.	Springdale	USNR
Hightower, Louis K.	Prairie Grove	USMCR
Hilton, Jack	Fayetteville	USMCR
Hull, Teddy L.	Winslow	USNR
Jackson, Vernon T.	Fayetteville	USN
Kyle, Hugh W.	Springdale	USNR
McCamey, Ralph D.	Fayetteville	USMCR
McHone, Ollie	Prairie Grove	USNR
Moore, Wyatt P.	Springdale	USNR
Nations, Morris E.	Prairie Grove	USMC
Parsley, Johnnie F.	Springdale	USNR
Rouse, William J.	Fayetteville	USN
Strain, Herman F.	Fayetteville	USMC
Thurman, Ralph E.	Prairie Grove	USNR
Tucker, William M.	Fayetteville	USMC
Wilson, Charles H.	Fayetteville	USNR

Missing in Action or During Operational War Missions:

Buford, Lynn G.	Springdale	USNR
Hendricks, Guy F.	Fayetteville	USNR

Died as Prisoners of War:

Selby, Harold V.	Springdale	USMC
Yeargin, Marion R.	Springdale	USN

(Note: The initial "R" indicates the men were reservists.)

As was stated in the first article in the May 1977 FLASHBACK, Washington County has no memorial to the dead of World War II, nor, for that matter, to the dead of the Korean and Viet Nam wars. The names of the 54 men who died in World War I are inscribed on a mural painting in the county courthouse.

A LOVELY COUNTY

(The following is excerpted from a manuscript found in the Tom Feathers Memorial Library: *The Status of Medicine and Medical Men in Washington County, Arkansas 1854-1860.* Author unknown)

Here was a country, in many respects unequalled in the production of everything, calculated to bring about the best results to man and beast--a soil production beyond the average; a climate bracing and salubrious; water flowing from the hills in countless springs, sparkling and beautiful; hills, valleys and plains furnishing a landscape to attract the eye, and cast forth the reservations of the most staid and imperturbable nature.

In the spring the aroma of the flowering pawpaws and wild grapes of the forest; of the apple and other fruits of the cultivated places--were to my inexperienced olfactories, heretofore unused to such pungent impressions, very noticeable and grateful. I so well and pleasantly recall these accidents of the field and forest, as they saluted me in my solitary views over the hills. The labors of the husbandman always amply rewarded; orchards and fields always yielding an abundant harvest; the inhabitants (sufficiently numerous to constitute populous communities) were in their habits social and industrial, attained to this pastoral and idyllic life. Poverty and want were unknown; everyone paid his debts.

The Gilstrap Family

MARGUERITE GILSTRAP

(The following story was written on the 100th anniversary of her grandparents' marriage on July 5, 1877, by Marguerite Gilstrap, and is necessarily somewhat condensed from her publication.)

Let me introduce you to our grandparents, Frances (Fanny) Abigail Yoes and Jesse Gilstrap. There are 102 of us living who carry their genes.

Born in Washington County, Arkansas, they were descended from colonists who came to America in the middle of the 18th century, fought in the Revolution, and whose grandchildren began moving west early in the 1800s. All four of Fanny's grandparents were in what is now Washington County by 1830, six years before Arkansas attained statehood. Jesse's father's parents had arrived in the county by the mid-1840s.

Fanny was born in a cabin in the path of soldiers gathering to fight the battle of Prairie Grove. Jesse's father died less than six months after his enlistment in the Union Army. They grew up in the shadow of the aftermath of that tragic war.

They began their married life on a little farm near the home of her parents. With the coming of the railroad he joined her father and brothers in operating stores along the Frisco line. Seven of their eight children were born in the first 11 years of their marriage, the youngest when they had been married 21 years. All were bright, healthy children in whom their parents could take pride.

Jesse was able to retire from the mercantile business at 49. Seven years later he bought the farm where their grandchildren had many happy visits. His death in 1933 was the first in the immediate family. She had outlived two of their daughters and three of their sons when she died in 1952 at the age of 89.

Jesse Gilstrap's Family

Peter Gilstrap (1735-1797) came with three brothers from the British Isles in 1749, settled in Craven County, North Carolina and fought in the Revolutionary War. Peter and his wife, Mary had a son, Benjamin Gilstrap (1766-1806), who married Winifred Mumford. One of their sons was Isaac Gilstrap (1799-1877) who married Lochie Davis (1801-1873). Isaac and Lochie were in Macon County, Missouri when the 1840 census was taken; ten years later they were in Cove Creek township, Washington County, AR.

Isaac, having been a slave owner in Missouri, had Confederate sympathies. When war broke out, his oldest son, Jesse, 38, a millwright living in The Narrows (now Mountainburg), "took with him 17 recruits to the Federal army at Cassville, Mo. When Colonel LaRue Harrison obtain leave to organize an Arkansas regiment, Jesse Gilstrap raised the first field company." He was made a captain, while his brother, Thomas John, became a first lieutenant. Other recruits were their brothers, Benjamin, and Wesley, and their brother-in-law, Reuben Burrows.

Isaac's wife, Lochie, sided with their four sons who had enlisted in the Union Army and she left her husband of 40 years. She lived with her widowed daughter and daughters-in-law and her youngest son, Wesley, until her death in 1873.

Their son, Thomas John, died of pneumonia at Cross Hollows (Benton County) in November of 1862. Reuben was killed in the Battle of Prairie Grove in December; Benjamin died of pneumonia in January. Jesse was assigned to what we would now call guerilla warfare and, a year later, mustered out of service on charges of lax discipline, sleeping out of quarters without leave, failing to make proper company reports, and uncleanliness of person. I found his eloquent defense in a letter to General Rosencranz in his file at Archives. He was given an honorable discharge, and elected to the legislature. He, too, died a young man in 1866.

Thomas John is the only one of the brothers who is buried in the National Cemetery at Fayetteville.

Thomas John Gilstrap married Ann Mary McClendon on August 29, 1858. She was born in 1829, in Bledsoe County, Tennessee, the daughter of Jane Loden (1797-1841) and Joseph Barnwell McClendon (1792-1865). Her mother died when she was two years old. Her father married again and the family moved to Washington County, Arkansas. From the pension records at the National Archives, we learn that her husband's younger brother, Wesley, was among those who witnessed her marriage to Thomas John Gilstrap, and that her mother-in-law, Lochie Gilstrap, was midwife when their baby was born in August of 1859. The baby was named for her husband's brother Jesse.

Ann Mary married a second time, a William Brock. When their six children were grown, Ann Mary decided to divorce Brock who had left home several years before. With a divorce, she could qualify for a pension from her first husband. To do so, however, she had to get statements from many West Fork neighbors about her need for it, and that she had no property. The pension was restored in 1906 and she drew $17 per month until her death, November 17, 1914. She is buried in the National Cemetery in Fayetteville.

Fanny Gilstrap's Family

William Conrad Yoes (1804-1891) married Kessiah Bloyed (1813-1845). She was the daughter if Eli and Mary (Polly) Graham Bloyed who had reached Washington County in 1830. She died in 1846. The Yoes' son, Jacob (1839-1906), married Mary Ann Reed (1837-1924), who was the daughter of William D. Reed and Sarah Alexander (1797-1863). Sarah was the daughter of John and Jane Alexander, who came to Arkansas from South Carolina. She was married to William D. Reed in 1827 and, according to Goodspeed, they had 12 children and three of their four daughters married into the Yoes family. Abigail married Enos Yoes, Sara married Jacob Yoes, Sr. and Mary Ann married Jacob Yoes, Jr.

Mary Ann and Jacob Yoes, Jr. were the parents of Frances Abigail (1862-1952) who became our grandmother.

Jacob Yoes was a farmer, a married man with two children and another (Fanny) on the way when he enlisted in Co. D, First Arkansas Cavalry, U. S. A. After the Battle of Prairie Grove, he was one of two Federal independent leaders from the First Arkansas Cavalry who did most of his fighting as head of an independent company. They ranged from Van Buren to Clarksville, and in Benton and Washington counties. He was once captured by Confederate troops but later paroled. He was discharged in August 1864. After the war he learned that his army records incorrectly showed him as a deserter when he was a Confederate prisoner. He took legal means to correct the record. He had been elected sheriff of Washington County and served for three years when he resigned to go into business. In 1870 he opened his first country store.

From Clara B. Eno's "History of Crawford County" comes an explanation of the naming of Yoestown: "The community of Yoestown received its name from Jacob Yoes, owner of large plantations on the Arkansas River. Colonel Yoes, Sergeant in the U. S. Army at the close of the War in 1865, was the owner of large mercantile interests along the Frisco railroad at Mountainburg, Chester, Armada, Winslow and West Fork, and when he became the United States Marshall for the western district of Arkansas in 1889, he began to convert his mercantile interests into lands. In February, 1892, he bought the Dillard James lands, 707 acres and established headquarters at Moore's Rock. In 1901, he acquired two hundred acres of the Sidney Austin land to escape the inconvenience and danger of overflow of the Arkansas River. Col. Yoes moved his headquarters to this tract. On this tract he built a large cotton gin, with seed houses, cotton houses, warehouses, a blacksmith shop, saw mill, and grist mill and a large store building, all for the use of the public. He also built a large eight-room dwelling, and thus a wilderness became a prosperous business center, through the organizing genius of

one man. Since his death in 1906, the citizens have honored his name by calling the place Yoestown."

(In "The Law West of Fort Smith" by Glenn Shirley--University of Nebraska Press, 1968--is an account of Judge Parker's court in which Jacob Yoes served as a U. S. Marshall.)

Jacob Yoes died in 1906 at the age of 67 and is buried in the National Cemetery in Fort Smith.

When we were children we had a singsong, "Mary Ann Catherine Katy Fine Eliza Reed Yoes." Catherine was accented on the last syllable, and rhymed with Katy Fine. This was said to be the full name of our great-grandmother. A child of the frontier, she was from a marriage which may have been the second for both parents. Her father was 46, and her mother, 32, at the time of the wedding, but they had 12 children.. Their daughter, Mary Ann, was born in 1837 and married in 1858 to Jacob Yoes.

Mary Ann's and Jacob's daughter, Fanny, was born while Jacob was away from home with the Union Army. Their home was in the path of Confederate forces moving north to fight the Battle of Prairie Grove. Fanny, only two weeks old when the soldiers began to come by, could tell her grandchildren of the search they made for money, and how they gently lifted the young mother from the feather bed, but didn't find the money. It was in a bag tied around her waist.

Mary Ann Yoes bore 11 children, six boys and five girls, and raised nine of them. The children were: William C., 1859, Lydia, 1861; Frances, 1862; James, 1865; Matilda, 1866; George, 1868; John, 1870; Gilham, 1874; Dedrick, 1876; Belle, 1878; and Daisy, 1880. (By then, the mother was 43 years old.) Matilda and Daisy died in childhood. Two years older than her husband, Mary Ann outlived him by 18 years and died in her 87th year in 1924. She is buried in Winslow, Arkansas.

My memories of Fanny and Jesse Gilstrap begin about 1912. In 1912, Grandma is nearing 50, a small woman (five feet two, 110 pounds) with a cheerful muffin face, dark brown eyes, and dark brown hair she wears with a middle part and drawn up in a bun at the back. The tendrils that get loose curl. She;s friendly and kind and eternally busy.

Granddad is 53, six feet tall, slender, erect, with bushy, blond brows over his deepset blue eyes. His thick hair and handlebar moustache are light brown. He is fastidious in his dark blue suit with coat and vest, white shirt with stiff collar, string bow black tie, and black high top shoes. He wears a black hat.

Now, they live in a white cottage in the middle of the block across the street from us in St. Paul, Arkansas. Two of their sons, Grandma's niece, and Granddad's mother live with them. They are: Jake, 26, tall as his father, and with his mother's dark eyes, hair and round face; William Oliver McKinley, a lively 13-year-old with his mother's frame and coloring; Bess Lansdale, in her early twenties, Grandma's height and coloring but more slender, and with finer features; and Grandma Brock, now 73, frail and quite deaf.

Three other sons and a daughter live nearby. They are: Walter, 34, and Nell (Jeter) and their children, Dick and I; Charlie, 28, and Clara (McGallaird) and their four, Mae, Fay, Jack, and Carl; Jim, 24, and Kate (Switzer); and Mary, 32, and Silas Casteel.

There will be a visit from Rose, 29, and Will Anderson and their boys, Earl, Burl, and new baby, Herbert. They have recently moved to Vian, Okla. where Will has a store. And there are letters and pictures from Lucy, 31, and Tom Elliott telling of their children, Jesse, Mary Frances, and Virgil and happenings in the Nation's Capitol. They live in Mount Ranier, Md., and Tom is with the U. S. Treasury.

Tom's first job was with the Brooklyn Navy Yard and Granddad visited them in 1903 when his first grandchild and namesake was a baby.

Granddad retired in 1908, after 25 years in the mercantile business. He's worth, as they say there, about $20,000, part of which he has earned and saved, part of which Grandma has inherited from her father. His income is from rents on leases on the land they inherited and from interests. Loans pay 12%, risky ones, 15%.

The furniture in their house is simple and functional, and includes an iron bedstead in the living room, and two of them in each of the bedrooms. There are also some nice old handmade pieces--a table, a chest, a pie cupboard. These were made, I am told, by someone on Grandma's side of the house, I think it was her grandfather, Conrad Yoes. The little cane-seated high chair may be the oldest piece. Was it new when Thomas John and Ann Mary Gilstrap got it for Jesse in 1859? It has served his eight children and is now being used by visiting grandchildren.

The picture that dominates the living room is an enlarged photograph of a handsome man. The frame is gilded. That is Grandma's father, Jacob Yoes.

There are books. The new ones are sets of the Harvard Classics and the Cambridge edition of Shakespeare. They belong to

Jake. Others in the shelves belong to Bess, acquired when she was a student in the College of the Ozarks. There is a copy of the novel, "Jack Brainerd", a story of romance in Oklahoma Territory. The author is John W. Yoes, one of Grandma's brothers. It was a 1904 release of the Eastern Publishing Company, Boston. Across the street, Walter and Nell have the new 11th edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, Kate and Jim are members of the National Geographic Society. The Literary Digest, The Ladies Home Journal, and Delineator are other magazines at our house. Daily papers come from Fort Smith and Springfield, Missouri.

The musical instruments at our grandparents' house are a violin and a cornet. Both are hung on the wall. Granddad plays the fiddle, the country music he has heard all his life. He sits on the porch in the evening and plays his fiddle for anyone who wishes to hear. It's always solo. The norn belongs to Jake. I don't remember his playing it.

There is a shotgun on the wall in the living room. The Gilstrap men, however, are no hunters. Nor do they fish, 'though Walter has a handsome set of fishing rods in a leather case. They have been used only once.

In 1908 Walter and Nell went with her brother and sister-in-law, Ed and Annie Jeter, and the John Gills to Boxley in Newton County. They were going to fish on the Buffalo river. They went to Pettigrew by train, and arranged to use teams and wagons from the sawmills. The ladies and children traveled in a rig. The men and their helpers drove the three wagons carrying tents, cots, and other camping equipment. One wagon was loaded with hay for the horses and mules. The trip in those days required an overnight stop. They had forgotten sugar and went to a nearby farm hoping to buy some. Instead, they were welcomed by the farm family, recent European immigrants, who had little English, were delighted to have company, and unwilling to take one cent for the molasses they shared. The Buffalo River was clear and sparkling, the fish large and abundant. They had a glorious time.

But when they got back to St. Paul, Granddad was in a rage, as Walter had not been there to take part in the Masonic ceremonies for Mr. Welton's funeral. The Masonic lodge is Granddad's church. Its lodge rooms are on the second floor of the school building. Jesse and his sons, except William who is too young, attend meetings, hold office, take part in the funeral services for fellow Masons. Grandma tells the story about her father being taken prisoner during the Civil War. As he rode through a pass where he would be a target, he held his hand up in a Masonic signal. He was unharmed.

Besides the interdenominational church in St. Paul, there is a Church of Christ, or Campbellites as they are called. Their congregation of some 20 families sings without accompaniment. Their only musical instrument is the tuning fork.

During the summer, a singing teacher will spend two or three weeks teaching members and anyone else who wishes to learn music with shaped notes. The young people in the family attend the singing school and also the revivals. Those who stay home can hear the singing and often the sermons too. For there are no street noises that summer of 1912, nothing after the train has made its daily run and the mills have closed for the day, no buses, motorcycles, cars. There is only the lowing of cattle, bird calls, barking dogs, croaking frogs, and the roar of a falls that comes down the mountain back of the house after a prolonged rain.

Throughout their lives, Granddad and Grandma have been, and will continue to be, early risers. They go to bed early, too. She has tasks to do from sunup until sundown, just as she always has. His retirement has not affected her schedule. There is no electric power in St. Paul. They use wood for cooking and heating. William is old enough to help. He can bring in the wood, as well as draw the water for the washing, the cow, the chickens, and his pony. He is probably milking the cow by now. Gilstrap children must take on chores at an early age.

William is also the one who brings groceries and feed from the store. By wheelbarrow. In 1912, the family buys flour and sugar in 50-pound bags, lard in 25-pound stands, at least five pounds of coffee at a time, in the bean, to be ground fresh for each morning.

The Gilstraps like other families in the community eat chicken on Sundays, cured pork--bacon, ham, or sausage--the rest of the time. There is no butcher shop nor refrigeration in any of the stores. Freshly slaughtered beef can be bought occasionally from farmers or townsmen who arrange to sell it to people who can use it at once.

Grandma cooks three hot meals a day, year 'round. She often bakes cakes. She can always set an extra plate or two on the table, and never seems flustered when there is unexpected company.

A scene I remember is in the chicken yard. I have forgotten Grandma's warning that the rooster is mean, he will flog me. I follow the cat into his territory. Suddenly, the big black rooster runs toward me. I scream and am rescued. William can scream even louder. We can hear him at the hotel, across the street. Granddad is whipping him. He has gone on a forbidden

swim. Or he has been caught with his pals stealing rides on a switching freight train. That's one of the perilous pleasures of boys his age across the land. The unlucky ones fall under the wheels, lose arms, legs, their lives.

The train is a force that has shaped our lives. It brought our town into being. The completion of the railroad in 1887 meant that the hardwood timber, thousands of acres of virgin timber, could be cut and moved to market.

St. Paul was a new town built at what was originally the end of the line which became a branch of the Frisco railroad from Fayetteville, By the time the Gilstraps arrived on the scene, the line had been extended nine miles to the east to Pettigrew.

Walter and a Fayetteville friend, C. M. Lawson, formed a company to operate stores along the St. Paul branch as his Grandfather Yoes had done along the Frisco. The first one they opened was in Dutton so they named their company the Dutton Mercantile Co. Jesse, and the other members of the family, moved in 1899 from Fayetteville, where they owned a store, to Pettigrew. At about that time, Dutton Mercantile Co. had an opportunity to buy a store in St. Paul and Walter took over the management of that one.

I'm not exactly sure when Jesse and Fanny moved to St. Paul. The census for 1900 shows them in Kentucky township and that's Pettigrew.

Six of their children were married within the next few years. Walter and Nell Jeter, November 6, 1901. Lucy and Tom Elliott a few months later. Charlie and Clara McGalliard in 1904. Rose and Will Anderson in 1907. Jim and Kate Switzer in 1908. Mary and Silas Casteel in 1910.

By 1912, Jim and Mary are working for Walter in the store at St. Paul. The long frame building with a tin roof is stocked with dry goods, groceries, and hardware. Across the street, a big warehouse holds sacks of feed and coffins and caskets, for Dutton Mercantile is a general store that serves its customers from the cradle to the grave.

The family also has an interest in the bank, a stone building next door. Officers of the bank are: C. M. Lawson, president; William Charlesworth, vice president; T. J. Gilstrap, cashier; and Walter Gilstrap, secretary of the board. The bank has a capital of $15,000 and undivided profits of $1,000.

Charlie has left the McCoy-Ritchie firm with which he was associated, and is working for a timber company in Ozark. Silas Casteel runs a barber shop, and the switchboard for the local

telephone company. (I don't remember that there was a phone in our grandparents' house.)

Granddad goes to the store every day to visit with his sons, the other clerks, the customers, and other loafers around the big pot-bellied stove in the center of the long building. He likes to talk politics. He's a Taft man, has always been a Republican and for the most conservative men in the party. He's strong for the gold standard and high interest and he believes what's good for business is good for everybody.

We have a copy of a letter he received from Grandma's brother, Will, following the election of 1912. He and Will are of an age and are like brothers. Will has recently moved to Portland, Oregon where he has a grocery store. He asks if Granddad was pleased with the outcome of the election (he was not), and then says, "Tell Fanny the women can vote here and if she wants to vote, come out."

I don't know if Grandma has expressed an interest in voting, but my guess is that if she had been given the vote in 1912 it would go to the Prohibition candidate. She is opposed to dancing, cards, and liquor. One of her sorrows is that Granddad drinks. At picnics and other celebrations, he drinks too much and, in the eyes of Grandma, Walter, Mary, Jake, and Jim makes a fool of himself.

There's another question in Will's letter; it has to do with Granddad's plans for disposing of his interest in the Wright farm. Will would like to buy it, if the price isn't too high. Is this a part of Grandma's inheritance from her father? I'm not sure. I have a copy of Jacob Yoes' will, which was signed August 4, 1905. Jacob Yoes provided a few special bequests--$5 each, and no more, to four older children of his daughter, the late Lydia Lansdale; the family home in Van Buren, on the death of his wife, to their daughter, Belle Skelton; some acreage to be forfeited if it were sold (or mortgaged) within ten years of his death to their sons, george and dedrick; $1,000 to his niece, Abigail Yoes; $250 to Nina, the daughter of W. E. Yoes, and to Cora, her sister, all the furniture and the bric-a-brac in the residence at Lane Hill "now occupied by me"; the brick store at Alma to their sons, Will and James. The remainder of the estate was divided seven ways--Fanny sharing equally with brothers Will, James, John, Gilham, his wife, Mary Ann Yoes, and the three younger children of his deceased daughter, Lydia Lansdale. Will, James and Gilham were named executors.

The Yoes estate was in holdings, and in Crawford County. It probably took a while to probate. But his death in February, 1906, and the prospect of the inheritance had a bearing, I believe, on my Granddad's decision to get out of the mercantile

business. He bought the Glendale hotel from M. E. Jeter (mother's father) but after living there a little while, he decided that wasn't what he wanted and sold it to Walter.

In 1912 Granddad is marking time. At the end of the year he and Grandma, Grandma Brock, and William will move to Fayetteville. He has decided to look around for a farm, which he has the money to buy, and on which they will retire. In Fayetteville, they live in a little house on School Street, not far from Dickson. Aunt Kate, a diabetic who has lost two babies--stillborn--spends the summer of 1914 with Granddad and Grandma under the care of Dr. E. F. Ellis. She tells of sitting on the porch those long, hot days with Grandma Brock, whose deafness doesn't keep her from commenting on people passing by although they can hear her. When the baby comes in August, he is named Jacob Edward, for his great-grandfather Yoes, his Uncle Jake, and Dr. Ellis.

Back in St. Paul, one November day, Mother tells me of the death of Grandmother Brock. Dad and Aunt Mary are going to Fayetteville on the train and I can go with them to the funeral. After the service at Grandma's house, we go in buggies to the National Cemetery where Grandma Brock's first husband is buried (Thomas John Gilstrap).

That's my last visit to the house on School Street. By the spring of 1915, Granddad has bought their farm. It's on a plateau, 16 miles east of Fayetteville, near the post office of Mayfield. It has 377 acres of mostly level land, with a limestone base, good for pasture and cattle. My estimate is that Granddad has invested about $15,000 in the farm. For $11,000, he bought 297 acres from Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Frost May 11, 1915. The following September he buys an additional 80 acres from J. F. Vaughan. There's a two-story house on this land, near the store in Mayfield. Uncle Charlie moves Aunt Clara and children to this house, until he can find a place for them near his job in Oklahoma.

In 1925 Granddad and Grandma rented their farm and spent several weeks visiting their children. I visited them there when we celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on July 5, 1927. In 1930, they moved back to St. Paul. The Depression had come to St. Paul by then. Granddad's eyesight was failing, and he went to Fort Smith for surgery for the cataracts. Grandma was not well.

When I came home in May 1933, Granddad was dying. I learned of Grandma's death April 20, 1952 in a phone call from mother. She is buried beside Granddad, in the Brashears Cemetery near St. Paul.

THE DUNCANS OF WINSLOW

BY ROBERT G. WINN

None of the Duncan family so prominent in Winslow during the first half of this century remain in the town in 1978. A portion of the original land holding is still owned by Oscar Duncan's daughter, Dorothy Whitney, and is occupied by the Arlis Hampton family. It is located beyond the Coil Cemetery on the road that makes a loop around the plateau, leaving the present Highway 71 at the top of McClendon Hill, southeast of Winslow, circling the mountaintop and rejoining Highway 71 via the Sunset Road, about one mile north of Winslow. Along, and within, this loop the original Duncans settled.

Exactly why the early family chose the mountains of Arkansas is not clear. Mrs. Mary Duncan Hutchens says that her mother always told her that the reason Mary's father, Jack, came to Arkansas from the family home in Flat Rock, Illinois, was the availability of cheap land. Another reason might have been health. The Duncan genealogy states that, "Due to ill health, Finley and his family moved to Winslow, Arkansas," which was at that time widely publicized as a health resort. Another, and more likely influence was that the Duncans who for generations had been staunch Presbyterians, had become interested in the religious sect known as Swedenborgians. It appears reasonable to conclude that the four families of Duncan, King, Francisco and Adkins, all adherents of the Swedenborg philosophy, had prior contacts that brought all of them from widely separated areas to Winslow almost simultaneously. The Swedenborg movement in Winslow was short-lived. The Kings and Franciscos remained only a few years. Some Duncans moved away, and most of those who remained became active in the Methodist Church.

John L. (Jack) Duncan and his brother Oscar first bought 300 acres on the plateau near the Coil Cemetery. There is no specific record that Oscar, who was a physician, ever lived in Arkansas himself. The Jack Duncans arrived in 1904; for a time, they lived in a house they built near the cemetery. The widow of Oscar, Louise, lived in a house across the field from her brother-in-law; it is this land that is still owned by Oscar's daughter, Dorothy. Oscar died in August 1909, after the birth of his daughter in January of that year. His widow was not in Winslow for very long at a time. During the 1912-13 term, she taught in the Winslow public school with her husband's cousin Finley. Later on, she taught in Vassar Preparatory School and spent her summers in Switzerland.

David Campbell (Cam), brother of Jack and Oscar, moved to Arkansas with the other members of the clan. He and his wife, Mary Nettie Espey, had two daughters: Mabel Myrl, b. May 15,

1888, and Phyllis Hulde, b. Aug. 22, 1892. This branch of the Duncans remained in Winslow only a short time. They moved to Springfield, Mo. in 1908.

Samuel K. Duncan's widow, Mattie E., with her four children, moved to Winslow at the same time that her husband's cousins, Jack et al arrived. Mattie's children were: first, Gilbert Nelson (Bert) b. May 25, 1875, m. Maude Dunlap Pierce in 1908. They had no children. He edited the "Winslow American" newspaper until his untimely death November 11, 1918. He had been untiring in his support of the war effort, but did not live to see the Allied victory. Early in the morning of the day that was to be internationally remembered as the "eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month", he died in the influenza epidemic. He was buried in St. Stephen's, the Episcopal Cemetery on the hillside south of town.

Mattie's second son, Lester, lived for a short time on a farm within the loop of the road aforementioned. Later, he moved back to Illinois. One of his sisters, Lillie Nancy, b. December 1877, married Joseph Francisco in September 1904, soon after the family moved to Winslow. Shortly after her marriage, Lillie and her husband moved to Canada, and she died there May 8, 1912. A second sister, Bessa, married Harry Stuckman, September 1913. She was teaching school in Kirwin, Kansas at the time, but returned to be married in the home of her brother, Lester. The Winslow American carried the following account of the wedding: "The marriage of Miss Bessa Duncan and Mr. Harry Stuckman of Kirwin, Kansas, was solemnized at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. Lester A. Duncan. The Rev. W. E. Reid, pastor of the Methodist Church, was the officiating minister. The wedding, though quiet, immediate relatives being the only guests, was a most beautiful one. The screened porch looking toward the 'eternal hills' was banked at one end with autumn leaves, forming an exquisite background for the bridal party during the ceremony."

Apparently the mother, Mattie, later lived with her daughter in Kirwin, because the record tells us that "she died at the home of her daughter Bessa on April 20, 1929 in Kansas."

The third branch of the family to move to Winslow in 1904 was that of Finley Urban, b. March 25, 1871, a cousin to the other Duncans, and his wife, Ida May Browning, b. Oct. 2, 1868. He also lived on the loop road near the Coil Cemetery. He taught at least two terms in the Winslow school. He and Ida May built and operated the resort hotel known as Countryside. The large rambling structure stood just off the road near the large pond on what is now the Bobby Jo Center farm. Later, the hotel was razed, and Harold Duncan reconstructed a residence there. Today a large oak marks the location. Finley and his wife raised

four children: Guy, b. Sept. 9, 1898; Geraldine, b. Aug. 20, 1900; George, b. May 25, 1906; Charles, b. April 14, 1908. Before 1920 the family moved to Springfield, Mo.

After Finley moved away, Jack and his wife, Eliza Bell Swan, were the only Duncans left in the Winslow area, out of all the large clan that had moved to the mountain resort in 1904. The six children all married spouses from the vicinity of Winslow. Jac, b. Oct. 8, 1872, d. 1943; Eliza, b. Dec. 19, 1872, d. Oct. 28, 1963. They are buried in the Brentwood cemetery.

Children of Jack and Eliza Duncan were: First, Guy Raymond, b. Jan. 5, 1892, d. April 27, 1956, m. Dec. 13, 1912, Beulah Isabell Land, b. Sepy. 13, 1890; daughter of S. A. Samantha (called Mintie) Cunningham and Green Land. Raymond and Beulah had five children: (1) Eugene Taylor, b. Jan. 28, 1914; (2) a second son, b. Feb. 10, 1916, d. June 24, 1917; (3) James Edward, b. Aug. 15, 1919; (4) Betty Gray, b. Sept. 18, 1922; (5) Lois Adel, b. Oct. 12, 1923.

Harold, the second son of Jack and Eliza, b. Feb. 20, 1894, d. Mar. 12, 1973, m. first Olivia F. (Ollie) Nickell, daughter of Robert C. and Janice Harred Nickell. They had seven children: (1) Elizabeth Irene, b. Oct. 16, 1914; (2) Violet Jane, b. Dec. 24, 1915; (3) Jackson, b. May 25, 1917; (4) Alma Glenn, b. June 2, 1919; (5) Robert Nickell, b. December 12, 1922; (6) Thomas Dale, b. Dec. 25, 1925, d. Dec. 28, 1925; (7) Billie Sue, b. Sept. 18, 1932. After the death of his first wife, Ollie, Harold m. second his first wife's widowed sister, Mollie Nickell Deatherage, b. Feb. 20, 1896, d. April 8, 1970.

Glenn Taylor, third son of Jack and Eliza, b. Aug. 12, 1896, d. August 28, 1976; m. first, Dora Lillian Winn, b. March 13, 1895, d. Sept. 2, 1946, daughter of Margaret (Maggie) Chapman and Walker R. Winn on May 22, 1918. They had one daughter, Ruby Glen, b. June 30, 1924. After Dora's death, Glenn married Pearl Land Bradley, daughter of Mintie and Green Land. She was born July 13, 1895, b. Feb. 9, 1970.

Alma Rhea, fourth child of Jack and Eliza, b. Jan. 27, 1899, m. James Urval Phipps May 13, 1919. He was b. April 19, 1896. They are both buried in the Brentwood Cemetery. They had four children: (1) James Urval, Jr., b. June 17, 1920; (2) Doris Clydean, b. Nov. 19, 1921; (3) William Duncan, b. January 10, 1924; (4) Velda Virginia, b. Feb. 6, 1926.

Mary Louise, fifth child of Jack and Eliza, b. May 19, 1908, m. John C. (Jack) Hutchens, Jr. They have three children: (1) Dural, b. Dec. 22, 1925; (2) Miles Edward, b. Nov. 22, 1927; (3) John Clark, III, b. Dec. 8, 1942.

Jack's and Eliza's sixth child was John Carson, born May 15, 1910, died April 15, 1976. He married Juanita Hilliard. They had one son.

The only surviving child of Jack and Eliza, Mary Duncan Hutchens, lives in Corpus Christi, Texas. Beulah, Raymond's widow, lives in Springdale, Arkansas. The widow of Carson, Juanita, lives in San Diego, California.

The Duncans were expert carpenters, building contractors and cabinet makers. Jack and his sons built almost every hotel and cottage in Winslow when the town was in its heyday as a summer resort. They were active in all phases of community life, and were members of the Methodist Church, the Masonic Lodge and the Eastern Star. Duncans were always the first to respond in the time of need. In case of illness, they were there; when death occurred, and bereaved families could not afford the services of professional undertakers, and frequently by family choice, the Duncan men applied their expertise in building coffins for the deceased. Their product was as fine as any that could have been purchased. They never charged, nor accepted, payment for such service.

Although none of the members of the family reside in Winslow now they are numerous in Arkansas and other states. Their influence abides, and reaches far beyond, the material measurements of man.

THE HISTORIC PRESERVATION TRUST

Its trustees wish to remind the membership of the Washington County Historical Society that the Washington County Historic Preservation Trust is available to receive memorial contributions, bequests and honorariums. Of course your contributions are tax deductible. Funds will be used for purchase, restoration, and maintenance of Washington County properties of historical value. Mail your check to the Trust, 118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701.

Be a Contributing Friend
to FLASHBACK
Old Diaries, Letters,
Family Histories
WANTED

Delivering the Mail in the West County Area

RUTH HOLT PAYNE

Mail was first brought to the area from Van Buren via Evansville to Cane Hill, called Boonesboro then, and delivered once a week. It was a long, lonely and hazardous journey by horseback, endangered by wild animals on the mountain trail, not to mention thieves and Civil War period bushwhackers.

A post office was established at Rhea's Mill in 1867. There some mail meant for Beaty Mountain settlers could be collected when they had time to call for it. In 1877, a post office was established in the home of Alexander Beaty, with his wife, Emily, as first postmistress. Located on Beaty Mountain, it was called Mt. Hayes and was discontinued in 1879.

In 1884, Starr Hill township was formed, including the area of Blackjack school. By that time some Beaty Mountain settlers were moving south and as others arrived from other places, the community became known as Georgetown, rather than by its first name of Blackjack. A post office was established in the first store, built there by J. L. (Liburn) Carter, with him as first postmaster. He sent in the name Georgetown to the Postal Department, but as there was already a Georgetown post office in Arkansas, the name was rejected.

A Mr. Easby had purchased 22 acres from Wesley Bean, a freed slave, for a townsite, and he suggested "Easby's Choice" as a name for the budding town. Evidently it didn't catch on. How the name "Lincoln" was acquired was related by Liburn's daughter, Eva Burns Carter. She said her father received a box of goods for the store with the name Lincoln on it which gave him the idea of naming the town.

Getting it accepted by the majority was something else. He rode over the country, consulting men who might help him, but the Civil War was not forgotten, and there was some objection. Some Cane Hill men sent word they were coming over and shoot down a picture of President Lincoln he had tacked to his wall. He returned word that they would have to shoot him first--they never came. The name became "Lincoln" on January 13, 1885 but some continued to call it Starr Hill for several years.

Sometime prior to 1902 the post office was on the south side of town where George Barnes was postmaster. The Barnes brothers, George and Walter, first editors here, had their news office in the rear of the building with Mrs. Delia Holt as clerk and switchboard operator. About 1902 the switchboard and post office were moved to the north side of town. In ensuing years the post office has been housed in various buildings. In 1951

moved to the Genie Finley building, opposite the present Co-op building. It remained there until 1961, when it was moved to the new government building on West Park Street.

Following is a complete list of the post masters: Joseph L. Carter, January 15, 1884; Noble Carter, July 14, 1884; John W. Smith, May 13, 1887; Henry A. Douthit, August 7, 1890; James C. Corley, July 2, 1891; Henry A. Douthit, December 6, 1893; Chas. L. Burns, May 4, 1897; Stephen R. Smith, April 7, 1900; George E. Burns, January 29, 1902; Eugene King, August 7, 1903; Joseph A. Canaday, June 17, 1914; John B. Dixon, March 20, 1918; W. D. Swift, August 8, 1922; Eugene King (acting), December 27, 1927; Myrtle Reed, August 20, 1928; Polk C. Miller (acting), April 15, 1933; Clark Griscom, November 20, 1934; Walter Finley, July 15, 1939; Raymond Huffaker (acting), June 15, 1934; Wade Bishop, October 31, 1950; and Ruth Parker, April 9, 1965. Ruth Parker had served as clerk from 1941, and retired in 1976, to be succeeded by Ronald G. Davis.

Some early postal clerks who can be recalled were Holly King Sempler, W. H. Crozier, Burlene Brown Hilton, Florence Miller, Mrs. Amy Small, and Joe Reed.

There was no rural delivery in the late 1800s; mail was carried from town to town by a "mail hack" which also transported passengers. The beginning date of the Star route between Lincoln and Rhea is not available, but we assume it was started about the time the other routes out of Lincoln were--1905.

The first Star route carrier on this run was Alfred (Uncle Al) Hossmun. He drove a two wheel cart. The duties of a mail carrier in those days could include just about anything, from "trading the eggs" in town for patrons to carrying passengers. Mr. Hossmun was an "obliging" man in that respect.

Samuel P. Holt succeeded him in 1914, but Mr. Holt's wife carried it throughout the two terms, assisted by two daughters on occasion. Mrs. Holt (my mother) started out in an open, one horse, basket buggy, at a salary of $25 per month. Four years later, due to World War I, she advanced to a topped buggy with a team of ponies, with a salary of $50 per month.

The only means they had to avoid freezing was to keep either a lighted lantern, hot bricks, or a stone jug of hot water at their feet, under a lap robe, and wear as many coats, caps and scarves as they could manage. Sometimes swollen creeks would turn a carrier back or at least cause a long waiting period to let the stream run down. They all carried passengers (mother charged $.25 per head), and did errands in town for their patrons. Otto Parker succeeded Sam Holt in 1922, his term ending in 1934.

Jim Allen had the Star route between Lincoln and Cane Hill in 1907, serving three and a half years, which he said were some of the most interesting and enjoyable of his life. There were two trains daily then, and he made two trips each day, hauling as many as five passengers at a time, and in summer he was unable to accommodate all the travelers at hand.

He was also authorized to haul freight--packages 10¢, trunks 25¢. At one time, he noticed that he frequently carried similarly shaped packages, mostly from Kansas City, which excited his curiosity. Upon investigation the packages proved to contain whiskey (bootleg). One woman, he related, sent in a complaint against him to the authorities saying she had a serious charge. An investigator traveled 1000 miles only to learn the carrier had once misplaced her St. Louis Republic newspaper.

Isaac Cox had the Lincoln-Cane Hill Star route in 1918, followed by Clifford Cox in 1926 and John W. Bean in 1934. Luther B. (Bert) Hembree held a contract from Lincoln through Cane Hill to Stilwell, OK from July 1947, retiring June 30, 1973.

In 1905, Rural Route 1 out of Lincoln was established, with John Rach as first carrier. He started out on horseback, advanced to a two wheel cart, then to a buggy, then to the regulation mail hack. His route was long and wearisome, including Rhea vicinity, up the mountain and through Rock Springs and Gem communities. Thanks to bad weather, roads and late trains, he sometimes arrived back in Lincoln as late as midnight by which time the post office would be closed so he would take the mail home with him. He served the community long and well, and was known for his courtesy and kindness to children, some of whom he carried home from school on occasion and for whom he habitually left stick candy in mail boxes at Christmas.

His son, Clifford, was temporary carrier on this route until Charles Moore took it in 1929, retiring in 1962. Lloyd Rodgers replaced him. He retired in 1969. Earnest Whinery now has the route.

Jim McGaugh was the first carrier of Rural Route 2 which was established in 1905. He resigned Sept. 10, 1910. Orien Davis served as temporary carrier from Sept. 21, 1910 until Nov. 30, 1910. He was succeeded by Clifford Rauch who was employed from Dec. 1, 1910 to Aug. 31, 1911. Orien Davis was then appointed regular carrier Sept. 1, 1911, serving until July 1, 1927.

No data could be obtained from Washington on this, but it is known that there was a Route 3 and Hardy Rach was carrier. At the death of Mr. Davis, Hardy took his route, and the two were consolidated Aug. 1, 1937. Hardy exchanged routes with W. A. Cullers from Springfield, Mo., who served until Apr. 30, 1934.

Robert E. Smith then served from May 1, 1934 to Mar. 31, 1936. Walter J. Boydston served from Apr. 1, 1936 until June 28, 1938. Henry Browers served as temporary carrier, then, until 1939 at which time Nova Cook took it and he served until December 1965. Graham B. Wright took it in 1967, substitutes having carried it during the two year interim, including Lester Spear.

Some of the mail messengers during the time of the trains were Jim Reese, Harry Cottrell, Ed Foote, and E. M. Watson who had a store near the post office. As he was usually busy with customers, he would put off going for the mail until the last minute, when he would run through the park with his two wheel cart of mail bags in a dash to make the train.

In reference to the "couriers" of early day history who carried messages written on tablets of bronze on fast horses, replaced at regular stops by fresh horses, Herodotus, the Greek philosopher, wrote the following: "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night, stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds." The motto is inscribed above the New York post office and has become the motto of all postal carriers. Early carriers in America were no less valiant and dedicated to protection and safe delivery of the mail.

MISCELLANY

The Washington County Historical Society thanks Mr. Selwyn H. Sherman, Box 1053, St. Simons Island, GA 31522, for the loan of his interesting study: "William Pyatt and His Descendants in Arkansas." A copy of the work is available for examination at the Society office. The document states that William Pyatt, b. in North Carolina in 1817, and his wife Matilda Lovin Pyatt, b. in North Carolina in 1821, were married in 1838 and the family moved to Missouri in 1856. In 1861, they moved to the Benton-Washington County line in Arkansas. The family interests centered around Elm Springs. William Pyatt died in 1897, and Matilda Lovin Pyatt died in 1915, each at Elm Springs. Among the numerous related families in this area: Anglin, Cannon, Deaver, Foster, Gambill, Oakley, O'Neal, Sherman, Snavely.

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The following was copied in part from the Fayetteville (Tennessee) Observer, dated July 25, 1872. "Mr. Ezekiel Phillips, a citizen of Washington County, Arkansas, was killed by lightning while in his harvest field on the morning of June 15th... Mr. Phillips was a native of Lincoln County, Tennessee, and he emigrated to Arkansas some twenty-five years ago...For several weeks previous to his death he seemed to have a presentiment that he would not live long; and so expressed this to his wife ...His portrait fell from the wall, then in a few minutes, a mirror fell."

Old Circuit Court

LLOYD MC CONNELL

The Spring term of the Circuit Court opened on May 3, 1886, with Judge James M. Pittman presiding over a well-filled court room. Examination and qualification of the prospective jurors occupied most of the morning, and from residents of the County the following persons were selected for the Grand Jury: H. H. Rickert, Joseph Head, George McClure, A. A. Evans, George Morrow, William P. Crawford, R. P. Harrison, William Joyce, James Fincher, J. C. Stockburger, A. G. Hutchens, W. G. Mhoon, Peter R. Bates, John W. Reed, George Haygood and William Strain. Excused from service by the court were Fielding Hash, John Hunt, and Joe Holcomb.

Twenty-four men were needed for the petit jury and the group included: R. T. Landers, James Crawford, Bud Rich, A. G. Stephens, J. C. Thornton, W. C. Kuykendall, John Mitchell, Pinkey Shreve, Harry Parks, James Allen, W. F. Bates, Charles Pyeatt, Buck Russell, H. C. Pyeatt, Lafayette Brewster, Andrew Blakemore, George Nixon, Jacob White, Addison Tennant, William Eidson, S. G. McClelland, William Rutherford, Madison Broyles and William F. Dowell.

The Court then proceeded to clear the docket of the many misdemeanor cases which had been reported to the Grand Jury at a late term, and which were usually settled by a nominal fine of only a few dollars.

Now and then some fellow decided not to plead guilty, asking for a jury to determine his guilt for disturbing the peace and quiet at a country church house. In another case, some fellow might be charged on several counts with selling liquor without a license. He would scan the jury carefully to see if he had enough friends sitting there to cause a hung jury, or whether he was in for it.

If the jury didn't look too sympathetic to him, he would ask a lawyer to get the case put off until next term, while things quieted down a bit. In those days it was apparently all right for the drug stores in town to sell liquor--they likely paid a license--but since the stuff was made and manufactured out in the country and it was a long way to town, they simply sold it in the neighborhood as the demand for it occurred, without the formality of transporting it to the drug store and back home.

One James Terry was charged with numerous sales and since he didn't like the make-up of the jury, he simply didn't show up for trial, and his bondsmen were notified to have him in Court on the first day of the next term, else they would furnish the

court with the $200.00 bond. Meanwhile, Mr. Terry, if that was his vocation, could proceed with his business.

A Mr. Pollock was charged with selling without a license, and the jury set him free. Many times people admitted to selling something called "bitters".

Henry Shanks was fined $50.00 for wearing weapons. He had a choice--either pay the fine or be hired out at 75 cents per day on a public work or bridge crew. Most paid. Nowadays we have many drunks who spend quite a bit of time in jail. To hire them out to work might now be considered cruel and unusual punishment.

James Gilbreath was judged not guilty of wearing weapons, as the Grand Jury claimed. Back then most young men stuck a pistol in their belt, especially if they were going to a picnic, and it was against the law. Now you can see many people along the lakes and rivers wearing pistols openly in holsters, evidently not a violation.

John Wells and J. N. Strickler paid fines for failing to report for road work. Bent Phillips paid $20.00 for disturbing religious worship, and Houston Scott forked over $25.00 for a fight called "Salt and Battery." Cliff Griffith paid $5.00 for breach of the peace, and James Broskman and Jack Lisenby, $20 for disturbing a congregation. J. A. Armstrong was fined $1.00 for salt and battery. After hiring a lawyer, he filed a motion for a new trial--stubborn old cuss. Took up a part of the day and a whole page of the records.

Ance McClelland paid $20.00 for disturbing church. The Court would allow him $1.00 for each day served in jail if he didn't want to pay cash, or he could be hired out at 75 cents per day.

Banks Alberty, from the west side of the County, was charged with assault to kill, and made bond. Jack Wood was not guilty by decree of the jury for failure to report for road work. So was Jesse Jones. James Strickler was fined $50.00 for wearing weapons, and Percy Kidd was freed on a like charge.

Jeff Peveyhouse made $750.00 bond for assault with a deadly thing, and his bondsmen were cited to show cause at the next term of Court why they should not pay the forfeiture for his failure to appear. Thompson Oxford and William Phillips were tried for conspiracy and the jury fined them $100 each. Prison terms were meted out to Andy Spinks, and Messrs. Alex Parker and George Ellis received a term for second degree murder.

W. D. McBride, W. F. Dowell, and R. M. Dickerson were chosen to select the jurors for the next term of Court.

Marriages in 1885

LLOYD MC CONNELL

J. H. Starney, 26 years, married Miss E. M. Pyles, age 15 on February 8th with the Rev. S. P. Crozier doing the ceremony. This couple resided at Boonsboro.

Isaac N. Steers, a 28-year-old man from Robinson, was united in matrimony with 48-year-old Mrs. Sallie Lamar, who was of Robinson also, before Justice W. J. Hogg on January 6.

The Rev. John Mayes heard the vows uniting Alexander Steener, 23, and Miss Ella Garrett, 19, of Fayetteville, on Dec. the 31st.

A Wheeler couple, D. A. Stewart, 20, and Miss M. A. Wright, 18, were wed in civil ceremony by Justice of the Peace W. J. Hogg, on September 27th.

S. H. Stirewalt, 29, and Miss Julia A. Hendrickson, 17, of the Winslow community, took their vows before Justice of the Peace W. J. Reed on October 11th.

S. A. Stone and Miss M. A. Carter, ages 26 and 20 years, were married on October 4th by Justice William Shannon.

L. A. Hobbs, a White River Justice, performed the ceremony for R. C. Stout and Sarah L. Curtis, both of Carters Store, on the 9th of August. They were 26 and 20 years.

Strain residents T. K. Strickler and Miss Anna Strain were married by their local preacher S. J. A. Prather on March 16. He was 28 and the bride was 17.

Mills Swank, Brentwood 38-year-old, and Miss Mary Bell, 20, of that community were married by D. F. Jackson, a Justice of the Peace, on October 5th.

J. T. Taylor of Fayetteville, age 26, and Miss Nettie Lewis, a 19-year-old of the county seat town, were married by E. E. Morris, a minister of the gospel, on January 28th.

W. H. Taylor, 23, and Miss Mary Spinks, 19, of West Fork, were married on August 9th by J. A. Smalley, a minister.

John N. Tillman, a 25-year-old Fayetteville citizen, and Miss Tempy Walker, also 25, were joined in matrimony by Presbyterian minister L. W. Davies on March 5th. Both were of prominent families, and he later went to Congress.

W. M. Tollett and Miss Elmirea Williams, of Viney Grove, went to H. H. Collier, a Justice of the Peace, for their wedding on May 24th.

J. T. Townsend, 20, and Miss Dora Dunagan, 17 years of age, of Evansville, were married by Elder J. W. Garrett CC, on May 10.

Nathaniel Trueblood, 50, of Brentwood, took for his wife Mrs. Martha C. Pierce, 37, and C. H. O'Brine, an elder of the Church of God, did the ceremony on December 17th.

W. H. Tucker, 40, and Miss L. A. Slaughter, 24, of Farmington, became husband and wife on August 4th, through the services of the Rev. T. H. Day.

Justice A. C. Watson performed the ceremony for J. W. Tunstill and Miss C. A. Dutton, Goshen people, ages 21 and 19, on Sept. 20th.

William E. Turley, 35, from Aspen, Colorado and his bride Miss Mary E. Garside, 24, of Memphis, Tennessee were married July 3 by James J. Vaulx, rector of St. Paul's Church in Fayetteville.

Nathan Turner, 39, was united in marriage to Mrs. Susan Tansey, 45, by Rev. A. J. Phillips on December 31st. The couple lived in Fayetteville.

A. L. Tuttle, 24, and Miss M. A. Thomas, 19, of Maguires Store country, went before Justice of the Peace David Divilbiss for a December 3 ceremony.

J. H. Uptgrove, 20, and Miss Maggie Oxford, 19, of the Goshen area, were married by Elder M. Slaughter on August 23rd.

Spring Valley folks John Upton, 21, and Miss Melissa Evans, 16, took their vows before Rev. T. T. Black on February 15th.

N. O. Wade, 21, wed Miss N. A. Hall, 16, of Springdale on September 24th, with John W. Phillips, a Justice of the Peace, doing the ceremony.

The Rev. S. R. Beaman spoke the May 24th pronouncement for D. M. Wadkins, 23, and Miss Malissa W. White, 16, of Springdale.

Justice of the Peace J. C. Massie read their service for David Wagner, 45, and Miss Eliza Canterrell, 35, of Fayetteville on August 10th.

Rector James J. Vaulx, of St. Paul's Church, spoke the ceremony uniting J. V. Walker, 26, and Miss Nannie Cravens, 21, of Fayetteville on July 3rd. The Honorable J. Vol Walker, noted attorney, served Fayetteville during a long lifetime.

J. V. Wallen, Hazel Valley, went over to Durham for 16-year-old Miss Lattie B. Grubbs on August 12th, and Justice H. C. Osburn made the pronouncement.

William Walls, 21, and Miss Sara C. Pierce, 16, were wed by J. C. Massie, a Justice of the Peace, on November 17th.

John Walton and Miss Ellen Rodes, 18, of Evansville, were married on May 7th by George F. Tatum, a minister.

Lewis Weber and Miss Belle Ealey, 23 and 18 years, from Dutch Mills, went to the Reverend Norman Gaylord to be married on December 4th.

John A. Webber, 21, and Miss Margaret A. Robinson, 19, also of Dutch Mills, were married February 1st by Rev. Norman Gaylord.

The Rev. Gaylord also married Thomas Webber, 24, and Miss Pauline Jones of Dutch Mills on June 23. A right busy little settlement!

James Weir, 47, and Miss Ida F. Atkinson, 19, were married by J. T. Boyd on July 19th.

W. D. West, of Hood, in Washington County (now called Elkins), and Miss Mandy Dutton, of Wesley, were married on August 30 by G. H. Loving, minister of the gospel. He was 37 and she 18.

John Wheaton, 31, and Miss F. N. Thompson, 29, of Cincinnati, were married by Justice of the Peace J. J. Odale on the 14th of December.

W. D. Widders, 30, of Fayetteville, and Miss G. H. Moore, 22, were married on October 11th by the Rev. G. A. Henderson.

Columbus Wilburn, 39, and Miss Sarah Guthrie, 24, of Strickler took their vows before the Rev. R. M. Wood on July 15th.

John Wilhite, 38, and Mrs. Martha Dodson, 34, from Strickler, went to Justice W. S. Bartholomew who married them on December 19th.

Elder M. Slaughter performed the services uniting W. E. Williams, 22, and Miss Susan E. Harmon, 16, of Fayetteville, on December 8th.

G. M. Wilson and Miss N. R. Shearer, ages 22 and 25, of Boonsboro, were married by J. P. Crozier on September 3rd.

Winslow residents Hosea Wilson and Miss Susan Bush, 19 and 21, were married by John W. Cook, minister, on October 11th.

J. V. Wilson, 30, from Farmington, and Miss Ida Pettigrew, 24, were united in marriage by T. H. Day, a minister, on the 24th of January.

W. J. Hogg, a justice of the peace, did a ceremony on Oct. 27, for Robinson residents R. B. Wilson, 51, and 55-year-old Mrs. Sarah Franklin.

Charles Winters, 22, of Fayetteville, and Miss Evaline Haverstock, 21, were married by William Ingram, a minister, on the 1st of March.

J. Washington Woods, 19, and Miss Melvina Harp, 17-year-old of West Fork, went to Justice of the Peace H. H. Davis for a June 18th ceremony.

T. C. Wortham, 29, and Miss Lizzie Elms, 24, Cincinnati people, took their vows before G. T. Bell on March 19th.

A Wheeler couple, W. C. Wright, 21, and Miss Emma S. Greenlee, 24, were married by Justice W. H. Hogg on October 8th.

R. M. Young, 18, of Farmington, and Miss S. A. Williams, a 17-year-old of Viney Grove, were married on Christmas Day by T. H. Day, a minister.

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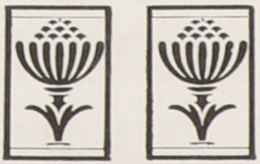
CORRECTION

On page 15 of the November FLASHBACK, "The Farmer Family Organization", Benjamin Stephen Farmer's birthdate is incorrectly shown. It should have been June 29, 1847.



QUERIES

Mrs. Jean M. Templeton, 6902 S. W. 65th Avenue, Portland, OR 97219 is seeking information about the lady shown here. She was known to Mrs. Templeton's (ROGERS) family in the post-Civil War period, and she was believed to have been born in Missouri. She has been identified as (1) Harvey BLAND's wife, (2) Alice SLIMP, and (3) a member of the Rogers family. Mrs. Templeton offers a $10.00 reward for another picture of her, with information as to her identity. Postal costs will be reimbursed.

Mrs. Edward Adams, Rt. #2, Box 91, Edwardsburg, Michigan 49112 writes "Need information from descendants of Miles NICKELL, b. ca 1835, Ky., m. Rose LITTLE. Miles died after 1870 and the family went to Arkansas. All letters answered.

Margaret Phelan, 16830 - 37th Avenue South, Seattle, WA 98188 who is working on the PHELAN family line, would appreciate hearing from anyone having further information on: John Wesley Phelan, b. 1862; Thomas Phelan, b. 1790 Georgia; Thomas Phelan, b. 1759; Thomas Phelan, b. when? Scotland? To date, she has corresponded with Robert Phelan of Fayetteville and Ardys Moore Crapo of Utah.

Mrs. E. A. Lindbloom, 1203 East 14th, Hutchinson, Kansas 67501 wants information on Samuel FAULKNER, b. Dec. 2, 1848, d. 1928 in Washington County, Arkansas. There were possibly some twin brothers--Rabe, Dave, and a sister Sarah who married Bob Logue. He lived part of his life in Madison and Washington Counties in Arkansas.

Mrs. Peter J. Spyres, P. O. Box 1024, Williams, CA 95987 is interested in the GREATHOUSE family history and would like a copy of "A Partial History of the Greathouse Family" by Jack Murray Greathouse, published by WCHS in 1954. She says: "Mr. Greathouse put out bulletins to this family and I have the first of these bulletins. Can you tell me if there were any additional Greathouse family bulletins and how I may acquire copies? Also, I would appreciate knowing who has taken over the work and records of Mr. Greathouse after his death." In addition, she

would like information about the family and the parents of Oscar Sampson SPYRES, born 1900, whose mother was rusha PARKS and father was Philipe Spyres.

Lucile White Prior, 262 Prior Lane, Atherton, California 94025 is seeking any information on these people, who lived in Washington County in the 1850s and 1860s: David McCALEB, Young Bynum RICKMAN, Elizabeth MAPLES, Tandy KIDD, George and/or Nicholas WEBBER, Samuel COX and wife, Mary SEXTON, James Kendrick, Nathaniel and/or Wesley GODARD, William Witherspoon, a Carroll WHITE, and any RAINWATER.

A Short History of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Prairie Grove

BY MISS LUCILLE MAST (FROM CHURCH RECORDS)

The Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Prairie Grove was organized between 1830 and 1832, soon after the founding of Prairie Grove. This was the first church to be organized in that community and was, also, used as the first school. The Rev. Andrew (Uncle Buck) Buchanan came by oxcart from Cane Hill to organize the church and was the first pastor. Among the other early pastors were: The Reverends W. M. Reed, John Buchanan, James Carnahan, B. F. Totten, F. R. Earle, G. A. Henderson, J. H. Kelly, E. M. Freyschlag, and R. W. Marrs.

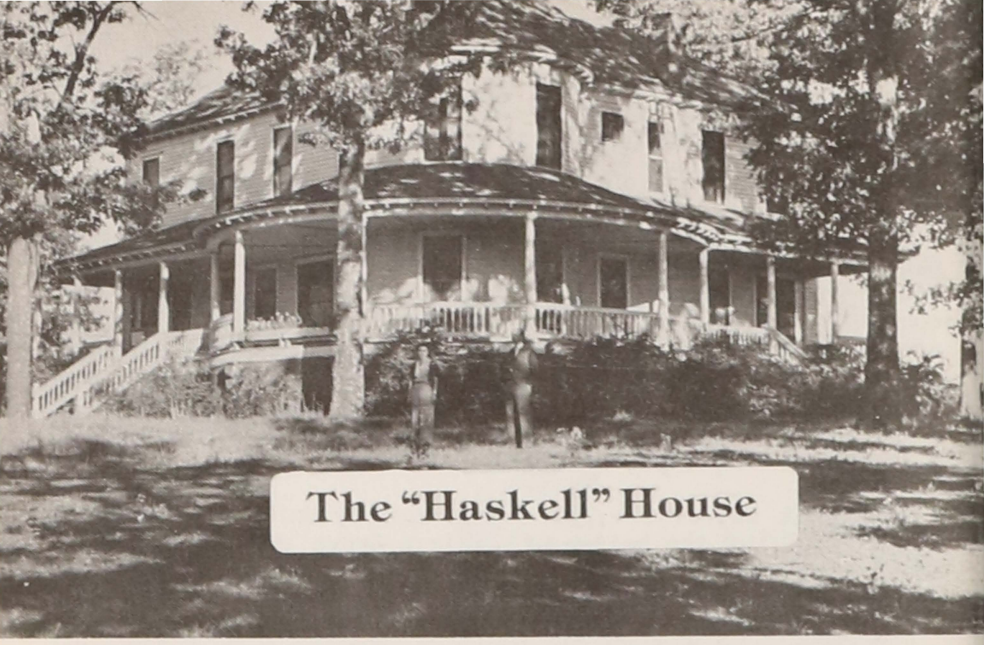
The first building erected was used by Union soldiers as a hospital, after the battle of Prairie Grove during the Civil War, and as winter quarters in 1863. After that it was partly torn down and the wood used for making coffins. The remainder was burned. In later years, the church made application for, and in 1905 the Federal government reimbursed it for the destruction of the building. With these monies, the pews in the third and present building were purchased in 1906. The second building was a frame building, facing the east. It stood back of the site of the third building, and it, also, was used as a school house. The third building, according to the church records, was erected in the late 1880s, and dedicated in April of 1890.

The first Missionary Society was organized in 1892, and the first Christian Endeavor in 1897 by the Rev. John Kelly.

At a later time, the front of the church was remodeled, the vestibule being added, with a small room on each side. After that, the choir loft was added. In the early 1950s three Sunday school rooms were built across the back of the church. In 1959 the Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Bethel Grove ceased to operate, and its building was given by Porter Presbytery to the Prairie Grove Church. It was annexed to the west side of the main church building, and used as Sunday school rooms, and as a Fellowship Hall.

The first organ was presented to the church by Moses Rollans. In 1965, a Baldwin electric organ was presented to the church, by Mr. Lloyd Baggett as a memorial to his wife, Edna.

This church stands today a memorial to the ministers as well as those men and women who left us a heritage of integrity and devotion.



The "Haskell" House

About 1902, Charles N. Haskell came to Fayetteville, looking over the country as a site for the building of a railroad from Muskogee to Fayetteville, down the Prairie Grove valley. Haskell was a financier and promoter, who had come down from Ohio after the Civil War and settled in Muskogee.

While in Fayetteville, he saw the hill (now known as Haskell Heights) west of town, and decided it would be the ideal place for a home. He bought the property--63 acres at the time--and proceeded to build the home pictured above.

He had kept his legal residence in Oklahoma, and in 1907 he was elected the first governor of that state. An Oklahoma town and an Indian school were named after him.

Upon returning to Oklahoma to serve as governor, he sold the home to Jay Fulbright whose son, J. William, was then one year old. The Fulbrights' twin daughters were born there. In 1912 the Fulbrights sold the property and it was successively owned by the Jones, Ramsey and Bates families.

The land on which the house was built had been owned by William Quisenberry (the famed Bill Cush) from 1850 to 1864; at a later date it was owned by a Mr. Duncan, for whom Duncan Street was named. General Hill, one-time president of the University of Arkansas, was another owner.

Presently, it is owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Guerdon Nichols.

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